

FEATURING ★ *Seracant*
SPOOK

FEBRUARY

BLUE BOLT

10¢

ADDED
FEATURE
Q & A's
and
LOOK LAUGH
LEARN

VOL. 5, NO. 5

[illegible]

DICK COLE



Tim WILCOX

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS!...
FARR MILITARY ACADEMY
IS PRACTICALLY DESERTED

AS CADETS AND INSTRUCTORS HAVE GONE FOR THE VACATION PERIOD, LEAVING A RES-
IDENT PROFESSOR AND SOME SCHOOL HELP IN CHARGE... BUT DICK COLE HAS TURNED
DOWN SEVERAL INVITATIONS AND IS STAYING ON AT SCHOOL, IN ORDER TO GET IN SOME
EXTRA STUDYING... IT IS THREE DAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS AND DICK HAS JUST
WOUND UP SOME LAST MINUTE SHOPPING IN CENTERVIEW, NEAREST TOWN OF SIZE TO
THE ACADEMY. WE FIND HIM IN FRONT OF THE CENTERVIEW POST OFFICE.

LET'S SEE... HM-M-M... YEP!
THAT COVERS EVERYONE.
I MAILED THEM SPECIAL
SO THEY SHOULD
ARRIVE BEFORE
CHRISTMAS—
I HOPE.
NEXT YEAR,
I'LL DO MY
SHOP —*

THERE COMES A FRANTIC CLANG-
ING AND THE SCREECH OF BRAKED
WHEELS ON ICY RAILS —

GOOD
HEAVENS!

CLANG!

CLANG-
CLANG!

SCREECH!



①

Art Director
KID CUSHMAN

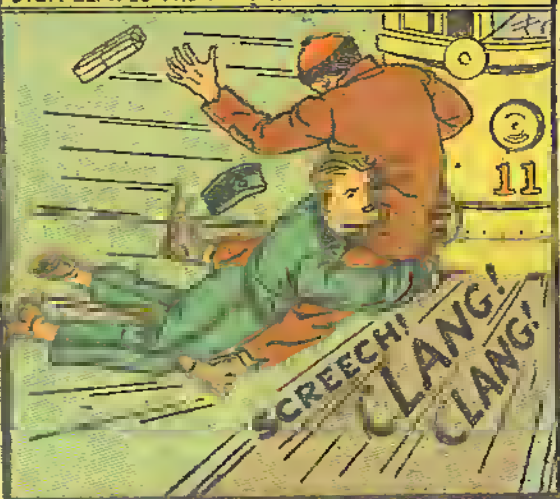
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DICK LEAVES HIS FEET IN A FLYING TACKLE THAT—



CARRIES THE FALLING BOY OFF THE TRACKS, AS THE STREET CAR SKIDS BY THEM—



SAY, AIN'T THAT DICK COLE FROM FARR M.A.?

HE DESERVES A MEDAL.

YOUR NAMES, BOYS.

IS EITHER OF YOU HURT?

HE SURE DID A BRAVE THING.

I'M DICK COLE OF F.M.A. SIR.

AW, MY NAME DON'T MAKE NO DIFFERENCE.

I SAW IT HAPPEN... YOU'RE LUCKY!



WE WANT YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, JUST IN CASE.

AW, RIGHT. ME NAME IS NERKY SMITH 'N I LIVE ON MOTT STREET... NOW GIMME ME PACKAGE 'N I'LL BEAT IT.



HERE IT IS, NERKY. I'LL GO ALONG WITH HIM, OFFICER, TO BE SURE HE'S ALL RIGHT.

GOOD! AND I'M REPORTING YOUR BRAVE ACT TO THE PROPER AUTHORITIES.



SAY, MISTER, THANKS FOR WHAT YUH DONE. I WON'T FORGET IT.

SHUCKS, I COULDN'T SEE YOU BANGED UP AND RIGHT AT THIS TIME... CHRISTMAS!

CHRISTMAS? IT DON'T
MEAN NOthin' TO MY
SIS 'N ME! NOW,
LEMME GO
ON, MISTER.
I'M OKAY.

SURE? WELL,
ALL RIGHT, NERKY.
MERRY CHRISTMAS
TO YOU.

MERRY CHRISTMAS?
(SNORT) WUTTA LAFF!
THERE AINT NO
SANTY CLAUS
IN OUR HOUSE!
S' LONG.

GEE, THAT KID'S BITTER! I
WONDER HOW OLD HIS SISTER
IS? I'LL FIND OUT THEN I'LL
GET SOME PRESENTS FOR
THEM. NOW WHICH WAY DID
NERKY GO?

DICK MAKES INQUIRIES AND FINALLY ARRIVES
AT THE SMITH HOME ON MOTT STREET. HE
YES? WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT D'YA WANT?

YOU... KNOCKS, AND—
ARE NERKY'S SISTER. I—
I JUST DROPPED BY TO SEE
IF NERKY'S
ALL RIGHT.
I'M DICK
COLE.

OH, YOU'RE THE GUY THAT SAVED NERKY. WELL,
HE'S OKAY AND—THANKS A LOT... AND NOW,
EXCUSE ME BEIN' RUDE BUT—

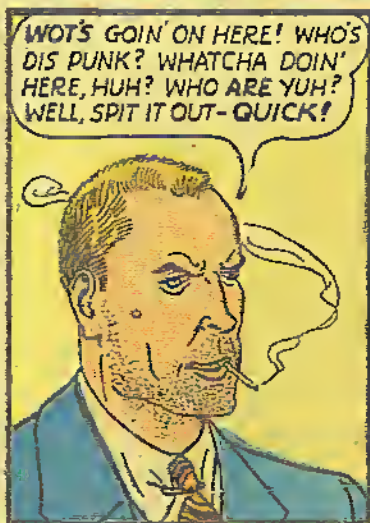
WELL! THAT'S A QUEER ONE!
GEE, THE POOR KID'S A CRIPPLE.
MAYBE THAT'S WHY SHE'S SO—
ABRUPT.

DOG-GONE IT! I'M GOING
TO GET THOSE KIDS
SOME GIFTS. IT MIGHT
GIVE THEM A BRIGHTER
VIEW OF THINGS.

TWO HOURS LATER, DICK AGAIN
KNOCKS ON THE SMITH DOOR.

MERRY CHRISTMAS, NERKY!
HERE ARE SOME PRESENTS FOR
YOU AND YOUR SISTER. MAY I
COME IN?

DICK
MAKES HIS WAY
OUT OF MOTT STREET.



OUTSIDE, BOILING WITH RAGE, DICK PAUSES TO REGAIN HIS COMPOSURE.

OF ALL THE LOW-DOWN, NASTY-DIRTY—! WHAT'S THAT!



MIKE!
DON'T HIT
MY SISTER! SHE—
OUCH! GROAN—

YOU BRUNG
THAT SNOOPER
HERE! TAKE
THAT! THAT!!

OH-OH MIKE!
DON'T!



DICK CHARGES INTO THE HOUSE.

I CAN'T STAND
THIS! YOU
DIRTY BULLY—
STOP!

CRACK!
THWACK!
SMACK!

OH!
OUCH!



LET HIM GO, YOU YELLOW COWARD!

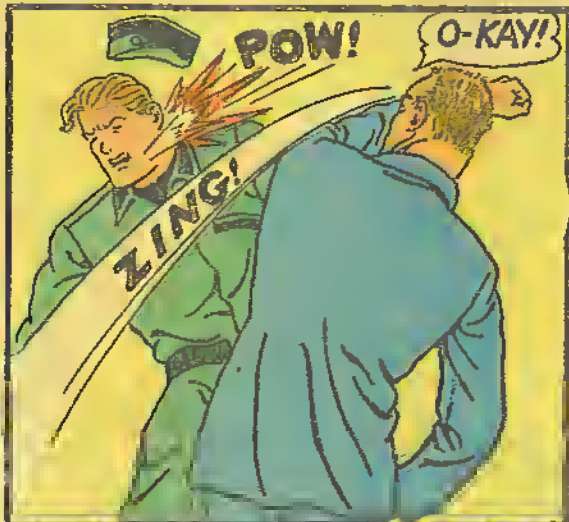
GROAN



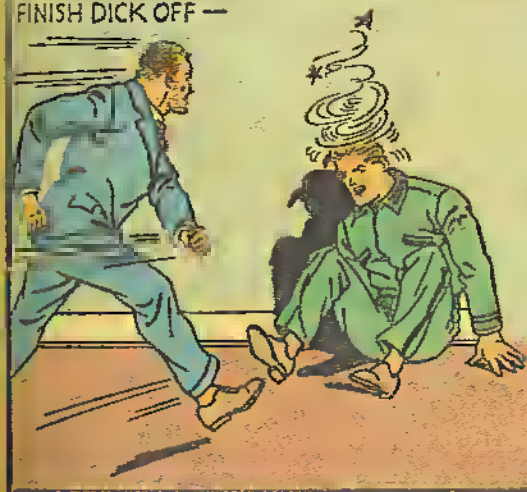
POW!

O-KAY!

ZING!

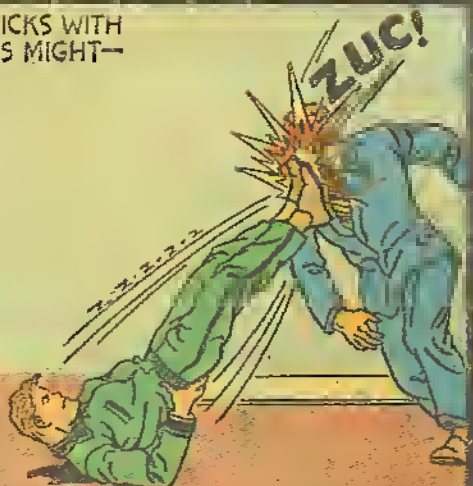


MIKE CHARGES IN TO
FINISH DICK OFF —



DICK KICKS WITH
ALL HIS MIGHT —

ZUC!



5

MIKE PITCHES FORWARD AND—
COLLAPSES.

DICK GETS TO HIS FEET—

HOW DO YOU
LIKE IT, YOU
BULLY! GET
UP! I'VE
HALF A
MIND TO—



TO WHAT!



WHEN DICK COMES TO, HIS HEAD IS THROBBING AND HE FEELS DIZZY. FOR SOME TIME HE LAY QUIET, COLLECTING HIS THOUGHTS, THEN HE SURVEYED HIS SURROUNDINGS TO FIND HE WAS IN A ROOM DEVOID OF FURNITURE. SUDDENLY, WITH A CLICK, THE DOOR OPENS AND—

TURN ON THE LIGHT, MIKE. AH, HE'S COME TO, I SEE. GIVE HIM SOME WATER, MIKE.



AND NOW, YOUNG FELLA, TALK FAST AND DON'T HEDGE! WHO ARE YOU, WHY ARE YOU HERE, WHO OR WHAT IS BACK OF THIS VISIT OF YOURS!



SO! JUST PLAYING SANTY CLAUS EH? WHY SHOULD YOU SPEND DOUGH ON TWO STRANGE BRATS WHY DID YOU CASE THIS PLACE FIRST, AND THEN BRING YOUR PRESENTS? WELL?!



UNDER THE MENACING GUN, DICK IS TRUSSED UP AND THEN HIS CAPTORS LEAVE, LOCKING THE DOOR BEHIND THEM.

THOSE GUYS ARE UNEASY. I'VE STUMBLED INTO SOMETHING THAT ISN'T HEALTHY!

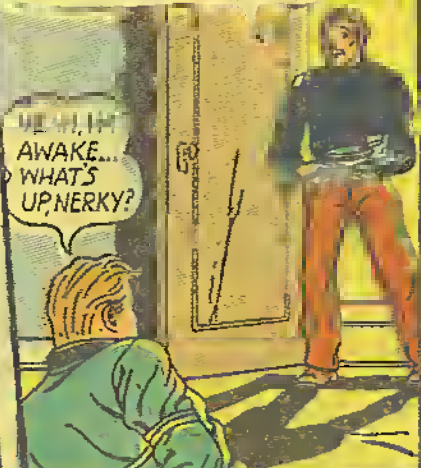


DICK FALLS INTO A FITFUL SLEEP. MIDNIGHT- AND SOMETHING WAKES HIM.

UC-OH! THE DOOR'S INCHING OPEN! NOW, WHAT?

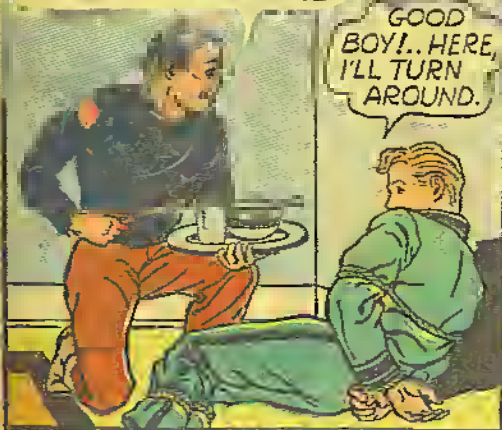


SH-H-H! HEY, MISTER, YOU AWAKE? IT'S ME... NERKY. SH-H-H.



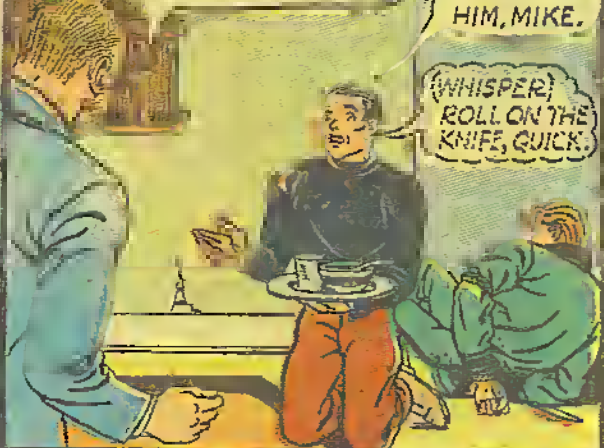
HE-H-H! I'M AWAKE... WHAT'S UP, NERKY?

HERE'S SOME FOOD-MY EXCUSE FOR BEING HERE IF ANYONE COMES. QUICK! LEMME CUT THEM ROPES!



GOOD BOY!.. HERE, I'LL TURN AROUND.

WHATS THIS! YOU LITTLE RAT, WHAT ARE YOU UP TO!



WHY-UH- JUST FEEDIN' HIM, MIKE.

(WHISPER) ROLL ON THE KNIFE, QUICK.

HE DONT NEED NO FOOD! NOW-GIT!



WE RE MOVIN OUT OF HERE IN A COUPLE OF HOURS. YOU'LL BE LEFT HERE, YOU SNOOPER, BOUND AND GAGGED. MAYBE YOUR PALS OF THE F.B.I. WILL FIND YOU BEFORE YOU STARVE TO DEATH, SANTY. S'LONG.



SO THAT'S IT! THEY THINK
I BELONG TO THE F.B.I.!
IT'S TIME FOR ACTION!
BLESS NERKY FOR THE KNIFE!



DICK
INCHES AROUND
THE BARE ROOM
UNTIL—

AH, JUST THE TICKET! NOW
TO WEDGE THE
KNIFE IN THAT
CRACK.



DICK ROLLS TO THE KNIFE,
CLASPS IT IN HIS TEETH, ROLLS
BACK AND, AFTER SEVERAL
TRIALS—

OH, BOY, IT WORKED! NOW—



ONE HOUR LATER.

HOORAY! I CAN
FEEL IT GIVE!



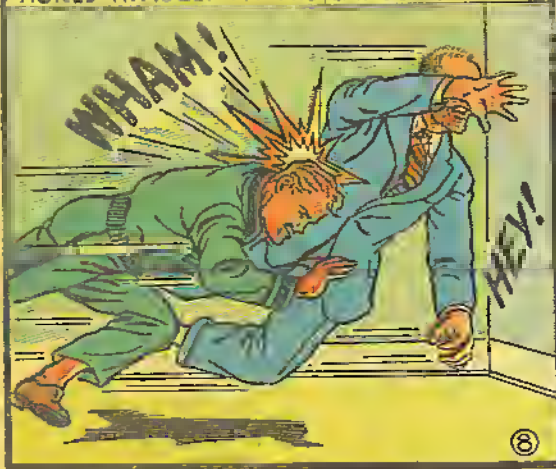
THIRTY MINUTES
MORE PASS
AND SUDDENLY
THE LAST
STRAND GIVES
AND DICK'S
HANDS ARE
FREE. HE UN-
DOES THE ROPES
BINDING HIS
LEGS. AS HE
RUBS THEM, TO
RESTORE CIRC-
ULATION, THERE
IS A STEP AT
THE DOOR. DICK
MOVES CLUMSILY
TO ONE SIDE.

THE DOOR OPENS.

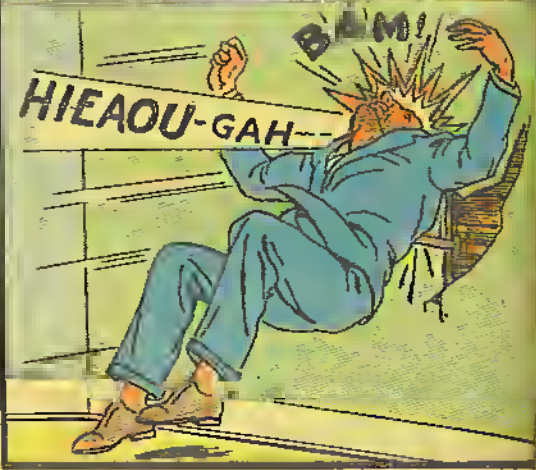
WELL, SANTA, HERE'S
THE NICE GAG I PROMISED— HEY!
WHA—WHERE ARE
YOU?



STILL CRAMPED FROM HIS BONDS, DICK
HURLS HIMSELF AT HIS CAPTOR.



MIKE IS SPUN OFF HIS FEET, TO FALL HEAVILY ON
THE KNIFE PROTRUDING FROM THE WALL.



AS DICK, AGHAST, BENDS OVER THE STRICKEN MAN—

SO! HERE'S THE END OF THE LINE FOR YOU, SNOOPER!



DICK MOVES, LIGHTNING FAST—

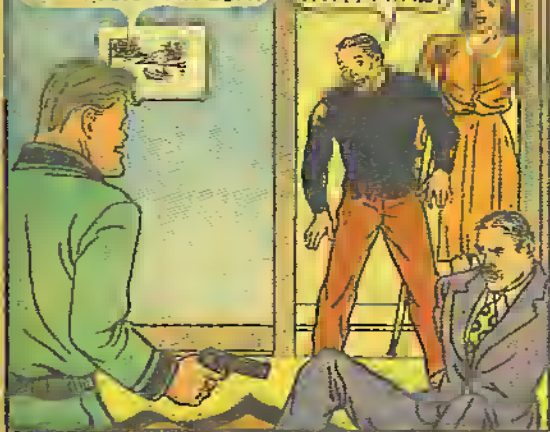


BANG! BANG!



STAY PUT, YOU, OR I'LL SHOOT YOU WITH YOUR OWN GUN!

OOH, WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT'S WRONG WITH MIKE?

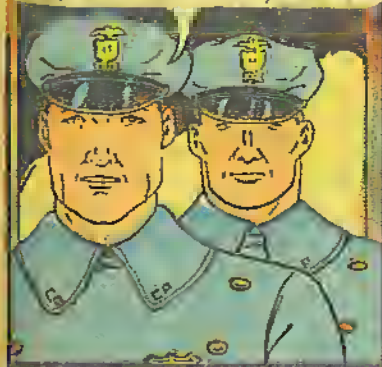


HE-HE'S HURT, I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE SCORE IS, BUT RUN FOR THE POLICE, NERKY, QUICK!

OKAY, MISTER. BE RIGHT BACK.



20 MINUTES LATER! WHAT'S THIS! NAPOLEON VINCCI! AND, MIKE BROD, DEAD! WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU, NAP, A LONG TIME! NOW, WHAT'S THE STORY, SOMEONE.



DICK TELLS HIS STORY, THEN NERKY SPEAKS UP—



VINCCI N' MIKE WAS BLACK MARKETIN' OIL N' GAS COUPONS. VINCCI HAD A SWELL OFFICE UP TOWN WHERE HE SEEN HIS CUSTOMERS... THE COUPONS WAS KEPT HERE N' WHEN SALES WAS MADE, I WAS GO-BETWEEN. I WAS SCARED NOT TO BE, 'CAUSE MIKE WOULD'... HURT MY SIS. HE'S OUR UNCLE. HE KICKED HER DOWN STAIRS THREE YEARS AGO N' CRIPPLED HER. HE BEAT ME... I'M GLAD HE'S DEAD!

UH-HUH. WHERE ARE THE COUPONS SON?

THEY'RE HID ALL OVER THE PLACE. C'MON, I'LL SHOW YOU.



SOME TIME LATER-

WELL, I GUESS WE'VE GOT ALL THE COUPONS...BILL, STAY HERE. I'M TAKING VINCCI AND THE EVIDENCE TO HEADQUARTERS. COLE, YOU COME ALONG TOO. LET'S GO.



POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

COLE, YOU'RE LUCKY. THERE'S A REWARD OF \$1000 FOR MIKE BROD, DEAD OR ALIVE, AND \$3000 FOR VINCCI. \$4000-ALL YOURS, SON!

HOLY COW!
\$4000!
MINE? GEE!



DICK IS INSTRUCTED TO REPORT TO THE F.B.I. OFFICES IN BIG CITY ON MONDAY FOR IDENTIFICATION AND TO RECEIVE THE REWARDS. DICK LEAVES THE HEADQUARTERS FOR THE CENTER-VIEW R.R. DEPOT WHERE HE BUYS A TICKET TO ATTEND TO SOME BUSINESS OF HIS OWN.

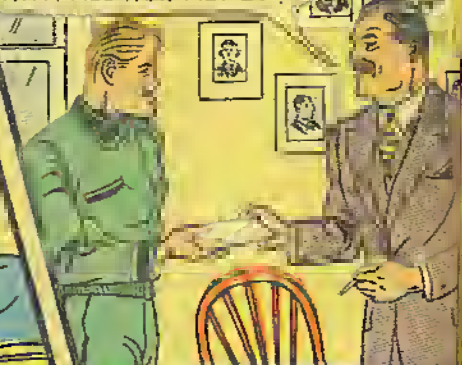
SEVERAL HOURS LATER IN AN OFFICE IN BIG CITY.

VERY WELL, MR. COLE, I'LL EXPECT YOU NEXT TUESDAY, AT TEN-THIRTY. GOOD DAY.



MONDAY AT THE OFFICES OF THE F.B.I.

WELL, MR. COLE, CONGRATULATIONS! EVERYTHING'S IN ORDER AND HERE IS THE REWARD. ANY IDEA WHAT YOU'LL DO WITH ALL THAT MONEY?



YES, SIR, I HAVE. MOST OF IT WILL BE PAID TO THE GREAT SURGEON, DR. A.A. ARNDT, FOR AN OPERATION ON NERKY'S SISTER SO SHE WILL WALK AGAIN. AND THE DOCTOR KNOWS OF A GOOD HOME WHERE NERKY CAN STAY WHILE SHE'S IN THE HOSPITAL... THE MONEY THAT IS LEFT IS GOING INTO WAR BONDS.



DICK COLE, I'M PROUD TO SHAKE YOUR HAND! WHAT A CHRISTMAS YOU'VE BROUGHT TO NERKY AND HIS SISTER!



BOYS! GIRLS! DON'T LET UP ON THE PURCHASE OF WAR BONDS AND STAMPS! JUST AS DICK WENT ALL OUT TO HELP NERKY AND HIS SISTER YOU GO ALL OUT TO HELP OUR BOYS FIGHTING AROUND THE WORLD!


*Yours
Dick Cole*

TO WIN THE WAR JUST DO YOUR BEST
OUR FIGHTING MEN WILL DO THE REST.

OLD

CAP HAWKINS'

TALES



IN THE BATTLE FOR BURMA, JOEY, GREAT CREDIT GOES TO 40-YEAR-OLD BRIGADIER GENERAL FRANK MERRILL AND HIS FAMOUS INFANTRY COMPANY KNOWN AS MERRILL'S MARAUDERS.

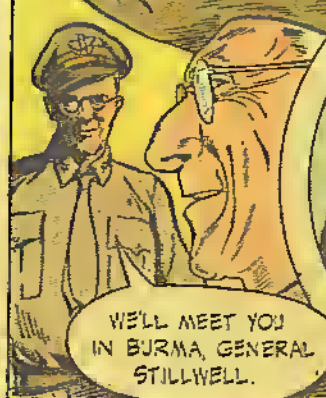


AT AN ALLIED BASE IN ASIA--
FEBRUARY, 1944...

THE JAPS ARE FIRMLY ENTRENCHED AT MAINGKWAN IN THE HUKAWYNG VALLEY. ENCIRCLEMENT IS OUR BEST BET TO DRIVE THEM OUT. I'LL TAKE MY CHINESE FORCES IN THROUGH NORTH BURMA-- WHILE YOU MERRILL...



... WILL MARCH EAST WITH YOUR MARAUDERS FROM A SPOT IN INDIA, AND SURPRISE THEM. IT WON'T BE EASY. 200 MILES OF ENEMY JUNGLE...




WE'LL MEET YOU IN BURMA, GENERAL STILLWELL.




GOOD LUCK!

STAY RIGHT BEHIND OUR FIGHTING MEN
TIL VICTORY IS THEIRS AGAIN.



MEN, I WANT VOLUNTEERS
FOR A DANGEROUS,
HAZARDOUS MISSION.
IT'S A
TOUGH
JOB.

WERE READY
FOR IT!



OUR GREATEST DANGER
IS FROM JAP AMBUSH.
EVERY TRAIL MUST BE
PATROLLED BEFORE
OUR COLUMNS AD-
VANCE. SERGEANT
RUSSELL TAKE
THE FIRST SQUAD.


YES,
SIR.

AND THE MARCH BEGINS--THE
FIRST U.S. FOOT SOLDIERS IN ASIA!

I'LL GET
THE FIRST
JAP.

LISTEN
TO WERNER
KATZ.

CAUTIOUSLY, BREATHLESSLY,
THE PATROL ADVANCES.




HE'S FROM NEW
YORK. THEY TALK
BIG THERE.

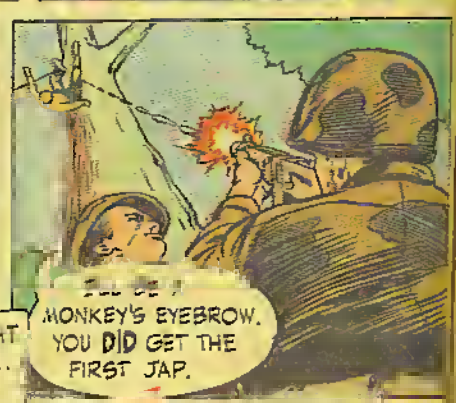
A MINUTE LATER...

THERE
ARE DOZENS
OF 'EM!

THE
MORE THE
MERRIER!

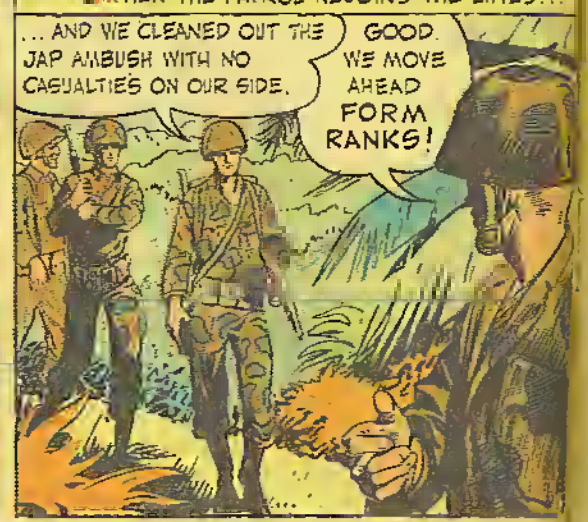


THAT TREE... I THOUGHT
I SAW A LEAF MOVE...
I'M TAKING NO
CHANCES.



I'LL BE IT!
MONKEY'S EYEBROW.
YOU DID GET THE
FIRST JAP.

WHEN THE PATROL REJOINS THE LINES...



... AND WE CLEANED OUT THE
JAP AMBUSH WITH NO
CASUALTIES ON OUR SIDE.

GOOD.
WE MOVE
AHEAD
FORM
RANKS!

THE MARAUDERS MOVE THROUGH THE DENSE FOLIAGE, WHEN SUDDENLY...

HALT! STAY WHERE YOU ARE!

I THOUGHT THAT GRASS HAD AN UNNATURAL SLOPE. THE NIPS LEFT THIS MACHINE GUN READY TO BLAST AT THE FIRST MAN WHO STEPPED ON IT!

WHOW! THAT WAS CLOSE!



DAY AND NIGHT THE MEN KEEP ON.

JAP MACHINE GUN NEST AHEAD. CIRCLE AROUND, FIRE TO DISTRACT THEM-- WHILE I...

THAT SHOULD DO IT!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

OUR FOOD SUPPLIES ARE RUNNING LOW, SIR. WHERE ARE THE PLANES?

THEY SHOULD BE FLYING OVER HERE ANY MINUTE NOW.



BEFORE THE MARAUDERS HAD STARTED OUT, A WAY TO REPLENISH SUPPLIES HAD BEEN ARRANGED WITH THE 10TH AIR FORCE.

SOON...

WE EAT! THOSE PARACHUTES ARE TOTING STEAKS AND ICE CREAM!

YOU MEAN K-RATIONS-- BUT THEY'RE GOING TO TASTE LIKE STEAK!



IN TWO WEEKS THE MARAUDERS REACHED THE HUKAWING VALLEY, READY TO RIP INTO THE REAR OF THE JAP LINE. AT THE SAME TIME GENERAL STILLWELL'S TROOPS WERE PRESSING AT THE JAPS FROM THE NORTH. THEN THE JAPS MOVED...

BREAK-THROUGH
STILLWELL AGAIN
IF WE STAY AT
MAINGKWAN, WE
ARE LOST.

ORDER RETREAT
AT ONCE. ROAD
IS CLEAR SOUTH-
EAST TO SUPPLY
LINE. WE GO!

A MILE AWAY FROM
MAINGKWAN...

SCOUT PATROL
REPORTING, SIR.
THE JAPS HAVE
ABANDONED
MAINGKWAN.

WE'LL GIVE
THEM A ROAD-
BLOCK THEY
WILL NEVER
FORGET!

LOOK,
WHAT IS
THAT?

THE JAPS ARE TRAPPED!
THEY CAN'T GO BACK
AND WHEN THEY
MOVE FORWARD...

AMERICANS!
HOW DID THEY
GET THERE?

THE MARAUDERS!
WITHERING FIRE
OUTCLASSES THE ENEMY!

WHAT A
ROUNDUP BUT
SOME OF THEM
RAN BACK

GENERAL STILLWELL
AND HIS MEN WILL
TAKE CARE OF
THEM.

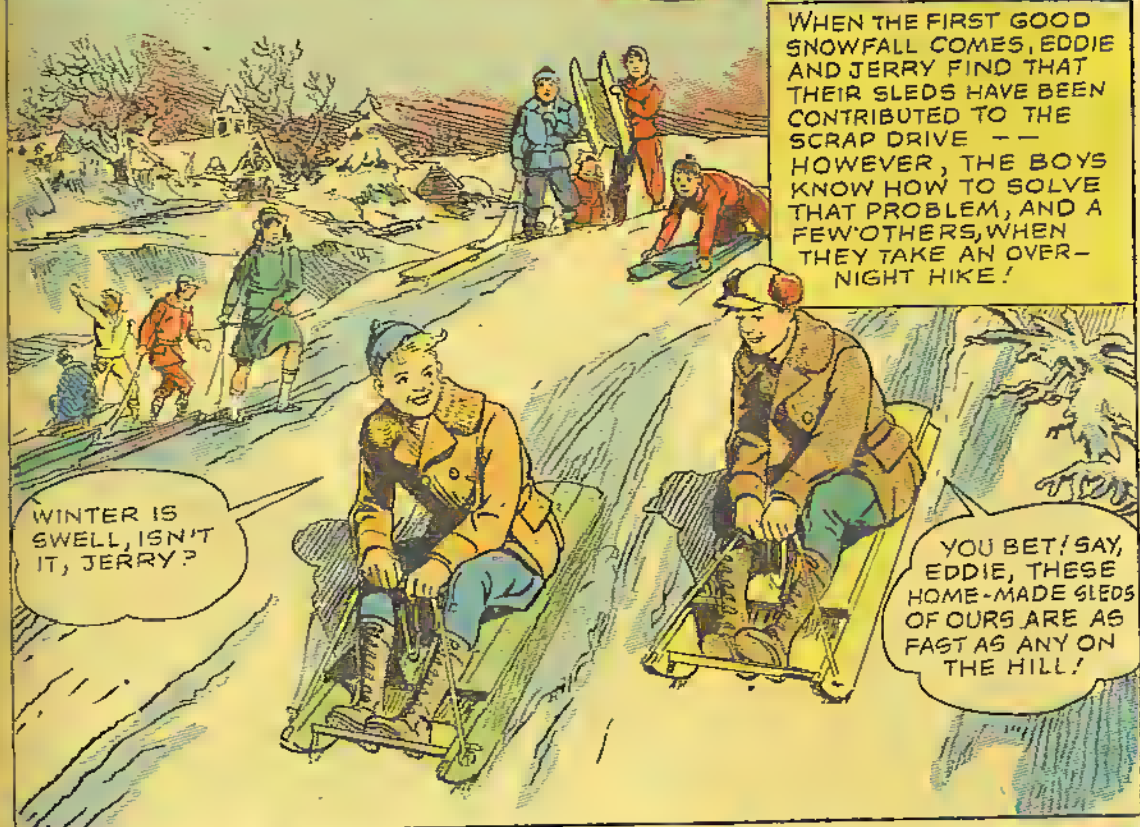
LATER...

WE KEPT OUR
DATE IN BURMA
SPLENDID WORK
MERRILL

MY BOYS HAVE DONE
THE WONDERFUL JOB.
EVERY BULLET THEY
FIRED MEANT ONE LESS
JAP AND MY MARAUD-
ERS ARE RARING TO
GO AGAIN!!

THE FIGHT IS ON. THERE'S MUCH TO DO
WE AT HOME MUST PITCH IN, TOO.

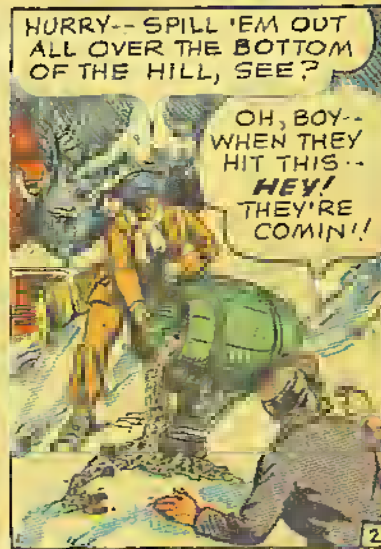
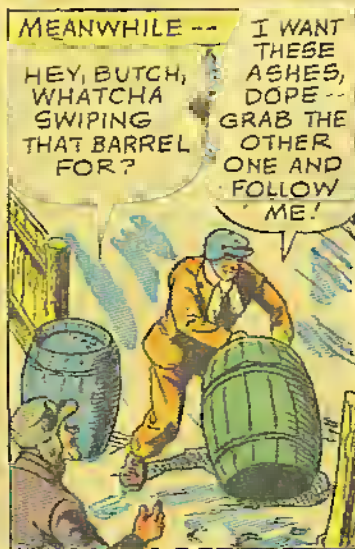
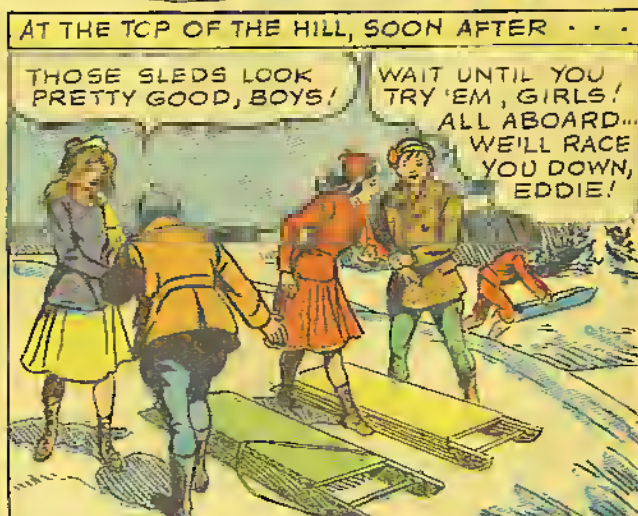
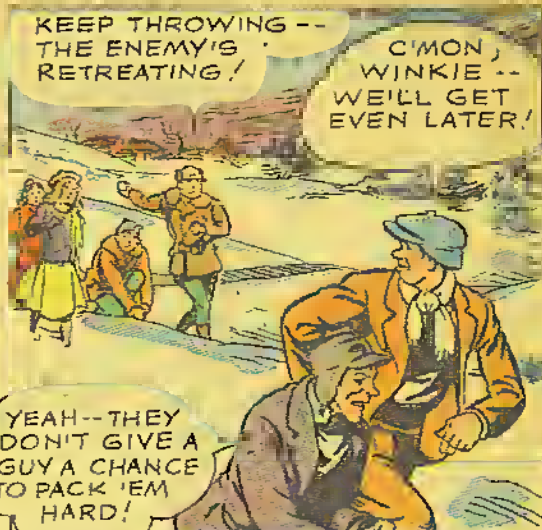
Edison BELL

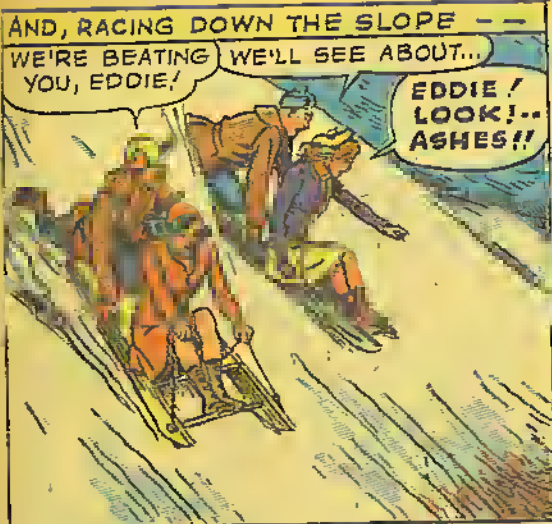


WHEN THE FIRST GOOD SNOWFALL COMES, EDDIE AND JERRY FIND THAT THEIR SLEDS HAVE BEEN CONTRIBUTED TO THE SCRAP DRIVE -- HOWEVER, THE BOYS KNOW HOW TO SOLVE THAT PROBLEM, AND A FEW OTHERS, WHEN THEY TAKE AN OVER-NIGHT HIKE!



DON'T PLAY HOOKEY. IT ISN'T FAIR.
OUR BOYS DON'T DO IT OVER THERE.





AND, RACING DOWN THE SLOPE --
WE'RE BEATING YOU, EDDIE!
WE'LL SEE ABOUT...

EDDIE!
LOOK!..
ASHES!!



UGH!

OUCH!

YEEH!



HA! HA!
WHAT A
HEADER
YOU
TOOK!

LOOK --
BUTCH AND
WINKIE DID
THAT!

WE'RE
OKAY--
GO FIX
THOSE
TWO!



THAT WAS A
DIRTY TRICK!

LEGGO!

RUN,
WINKIE!



THIS'LL
TEACH
YOU!

OH, GOSH,
PAT! THEY
HAD IT
COMING!

YEOW!



NOW GET OUT
OF HERE --
AND DON'T
COME BACK!

SCRAM,
BUTCH!

YEOW--
FOUR AGAINST
TWO AIN'T
FAIR!



WE'LL GET EVEN WITH YOU
TOMORROW! WAIT AND SEE

HA! HA! WE
WON'T BE--

SSH, JERRY,
DON'T TELL
'EM ANYTHING!

AW,
SHUT UP!
C'MON!

Yes, it is water vapor frozen into crystals.
ANSWER No. 6.

BACK ON THE HILL ---

SOUNDS AS THOUGH
YOU AND JERRY ARE
GOING PLACES?

RIGHT--JERRY'S
UNCLE SAID WE
COULD SPEND THE
WEEKEND AT
HIS PLACE ON
BALD MOUNTAIN!

I ONLY HOPE BUTCH AND
WINKIE DON'T FIND
OUT AND COME
AROUND TO
SPOIL OUR
FUN!

OH, I
GUESS WE CAN
HANDLE THEM
ALL RIGHT!



G'BY, KIDS --
SORRY WE
COULDN'T
DO MORE
SLEDDING!

WELL, HAVE A GOOD
TIME, BOYS -- WE'D
BETTER BE GETTING
HOME FOR
SUPPER!

SEE YOU
MONDAY!



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, EDDIE AND
JERRY MAKE THEIR WAY UP THE SLOPE
OF BALD MOUNTAIN!

C'MON, EDDIE!

I HAVE A
FUNNY
FEELING...



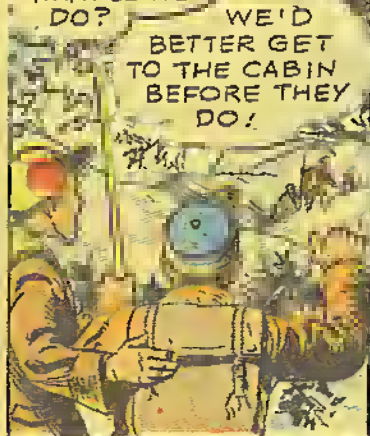
JERRY--COME BACK
HERE! LOOK OVER
THERE!

WIPE!



BUTCH, WINKIE, AND
FOUR OTHER GUYS!
WHAT'LL WE
DO?

WE'D
BETTER GET
TO THE CABIN
BEFORE THEY
DO!



I DON'T THINK THEY'VE
SEEN US YET, SO MAYBE
IF WE (BZZZ-BZZZ)

HUH? WOW! WHAT
AN IDEA! IT MIGHT
WORK AT THAT!



A SHORT TIME LATER!

WHEW! AM I
GLAD TO
BE HERE!

WE'D BETTER HURRY
--THERE'S A LOT
TO BE DONE BEFORE
BUTCH'S GANG GETS
HERE!



AND, SOON AFTER ...

THAT'S THE
CABIN,
BUTCH!

IT'S A GOOD
THING YOU
HEARD JERRY
TELLIN' THE
GROCERY MAN
ABOUT COMING
HERE!



BUTCH ORGANIZES HIS GANG!

OKAY-- YOU ALL KNOW
WHAT TO DO WHEN
THEY GET
HERE!

YEAH--
YEAH! YOU
TOLD US A
DOZEN
TIMES!



FOIST WE MESS 'EM
UP, DEN WE WRECK
DE JERNT!

BUT MAKE SURE
YOU KNOCK THEM
OUT FIRST-- THEN
THEY WON'T KNOW
WHO DONE IT!



WHAT'S
EATIN'
YOU,
WINKIE?

THESE SNOW-
SHOE PRINTS
LEAD AWAY
FROM THE
CABIN!

SO
WHAT?



SO WHAT? SO THEY GOT
WIND THAT I'D BE
LAYIN' FOR 'EM
AND DECIDED
TO BEAT
IT OUT!

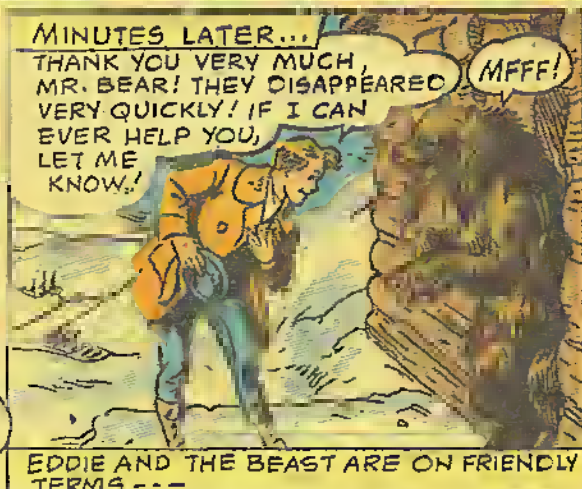
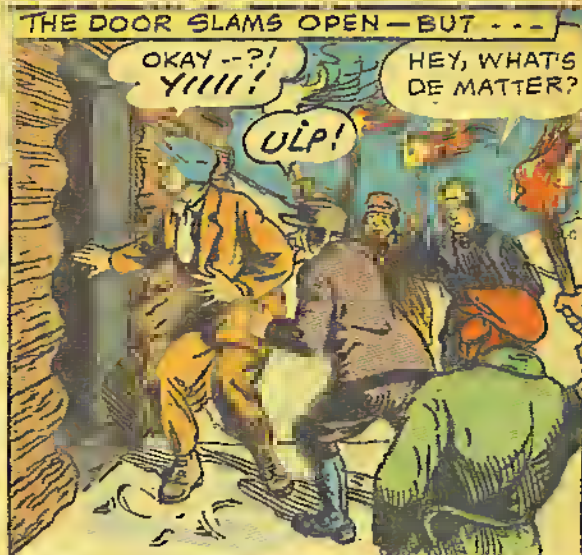
HUH?
YA MEAN
WE DID ALL
DIS WALKIN'
FOR
NUTTIN'?



YEAH, I GUESS... SAAY!
THIS IS EVEN BETTER!
WE CAN WRECK THE
CABIN AND IT'LL BE
BLAMED ON THEM!
GET TO WORK, GANG!



BUTCH'S FIENDISH YOUNG
MIND GETS ANOTHER IDEA!



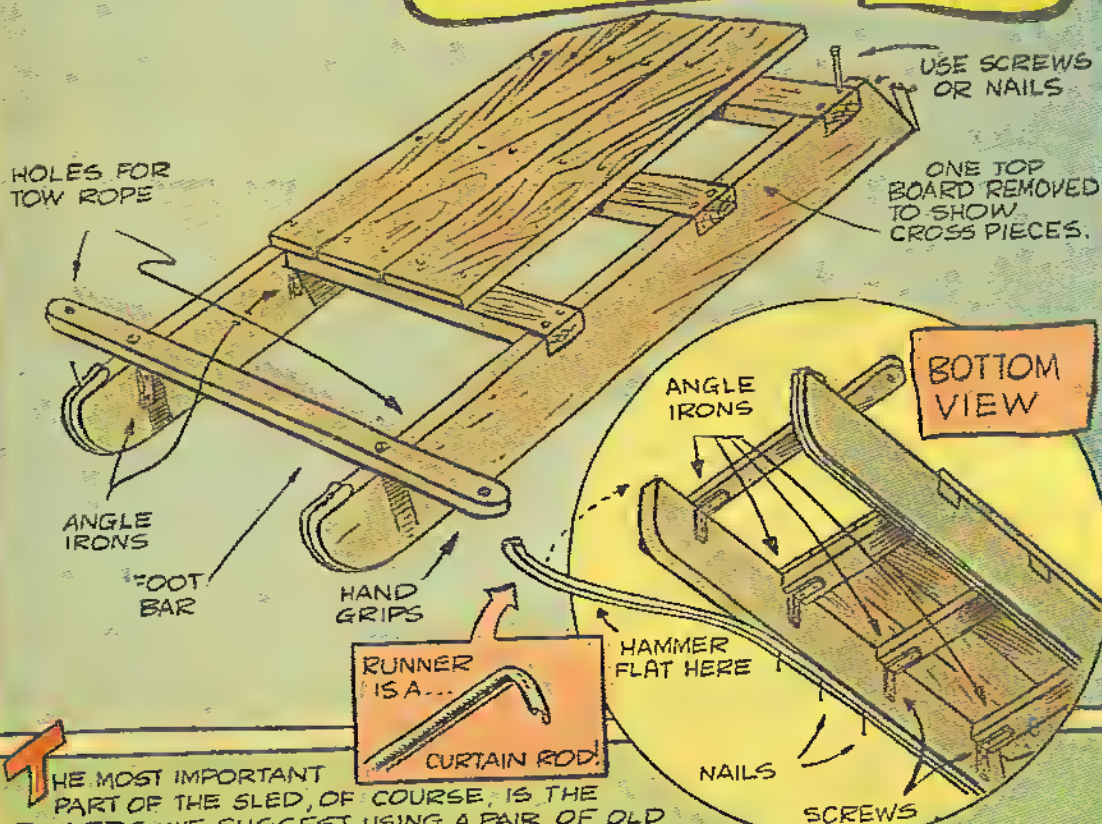
EDISON
BELL'S

EASY TO MAKE VICTORY SLED

By *Bill*

MAKE THE SLED.
AS LARGE OR AS
SMALL AS YOU
PLEASE. A GOOD
SIZE IS ABOUT
4' LONG, 18" WIDE.

THIS SLED CAN BE QUICKLY MADE USING
SCRAP WOOD (ORDINARY, ONE
INCH THICK STOCK), ABOUT EIGHT
SMALL ANGLE IRONS, AND A
COUPLE OF OLD CURTAIN RODS!



THE MOST IMPORTANT
PART OF THE SLED, OF COURSE, IS THE
RUNNERS. WE SUGGEST USING A PAIR OF OLD
CURTAIN RODS (HOWEVER, USE REGULAR METAL
STRIPS IF YOU CAN GET THEM). NAIL CURTAIN RODS ON (THE OPEN SLIT OUT)
MAKING SURE ALL NAIL HEADS ARE HIDDEN BY SIDES OF ROD HAMMER
ROD FLAT TO GET A SMOOTH BEND AT FRONT CURVE OF RUNNER.

BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN



BOY! I'D LIKE TO CUT LOOSE ON THE JAPS WITH SOME OF THESE TOYS!

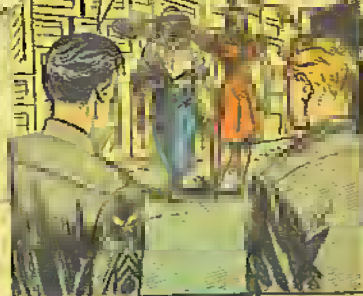
SO WOULD I, CHARLIE, BUT I'M STUCK WITH A BORING JOB-- ESCORTING A PROFESSOR OF ZOOLOGY THROUGH THIS RESTRICTED AREA!

HEH! HEH! HERE HE COMES, AND WITH MARG HESSLIN IN TOW! HAVE A GOOD TIME, CHAM!

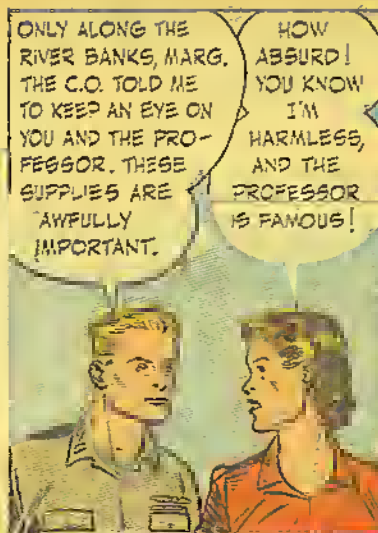
I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN MARG WOULD FIND OUT ABOUT A FAMOUS MAN LIKE PROFESSOR SMITH!

GLAD TO MEET YOU, PROFESSOR. BUT I'M AFRAID YOU AND MARG MUST LEAVE THIS AREA IMMEDIATELY.

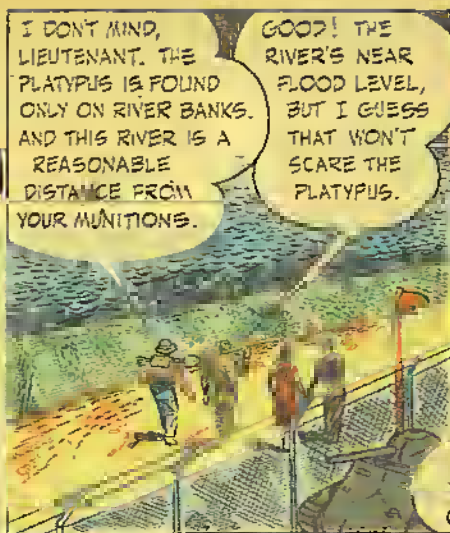
NOT SO FAST, BLUE BOLT! I HAVE SPECIAL PERMISSION TO PHOTOGRAPH PROFESSOR SMITH STUDYING THE PLATYPUS-- RIGHT HERE!



DO YOUR JOB WELL HERE AT HOME
OUR FIGHTING MEN CAN HOLD THEIR OWN.



HOW ABSURD! YOU KNOW I'M HARMLESS, AND THE PROFESSOR IS FAMOUS!



GOOD! THE RIVER'S NEAR FLOOD LEVEL, BUT I GUESS THAT WON'T SCARE THE PLATYPUS.



HAVE A NICE TIME WITH THE OCTOPUSES!

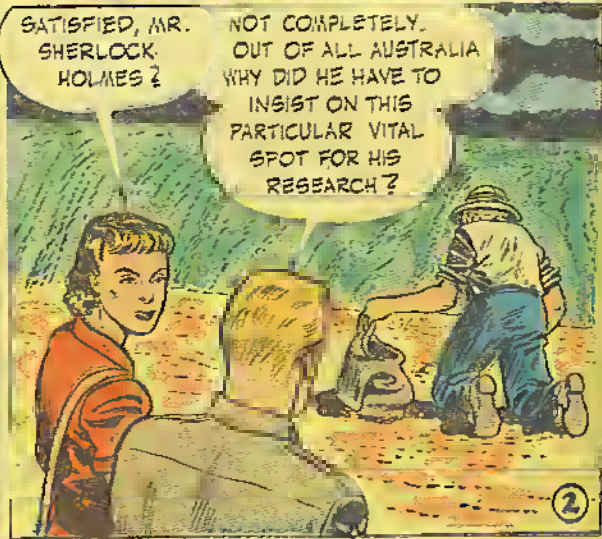
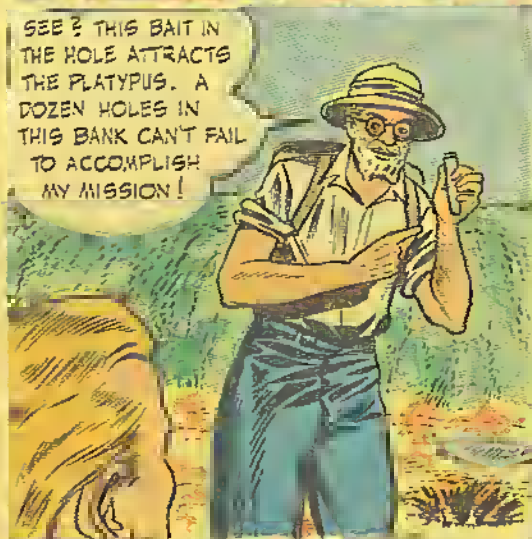


CERTAINLY! HIS PAPERS WERE APPROVED BY YOUR OWN COMMANDING OFFICER!

PROFESSOR SMITH IS AWFULLY SPY FOR A MAN HIS AGE!



THEN ASK, SILLY!-- OH, PROFESSOR, WHY ARE YOU DIGGING?



NOT COMPLETELY. OUT OF ALL AUSTRALIA WHY DID HE HAVE TO INSIST ON THIS PARTICULAR VITAL SPOT FOR HIS RESEARCH?



BECAUSE WHEN THE CHARGES BLOW UP THE RIVER BANK THE RIVER WILL FLOOD ACROSS THE MEADOWS INTO THE SUPPLY DUMP!

CORRECT! YOU ARE NOT SO STUPID AS MOST OF YOUR COUNTRYMEN.

YOUR SUPPLIES WILL BE RUINED! AND BY THE TIME THE REAL PROFESSOR SMITH IS FOUND, I SHALL HAVE ESCAPED!

STEADY, THERE! IF YOU HAD HIT ME I'D HAVE TWISTED THE DIAL!



GET TO WORK, BOTH OF YOU! I WANT TO PLANT A FEW MORE CHARGES.

WE BETTER DO IT, BLUE BOLT.

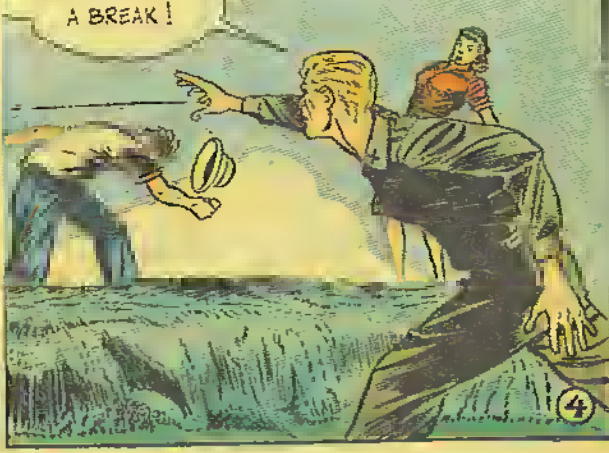
I'VE GOT TO PREVENT THE DESTRUCTION OF OUR SUPPLY DUMP-- BUT IF I MAKE ONE SLIP, WE ALL MAY BE BLOWN UP!

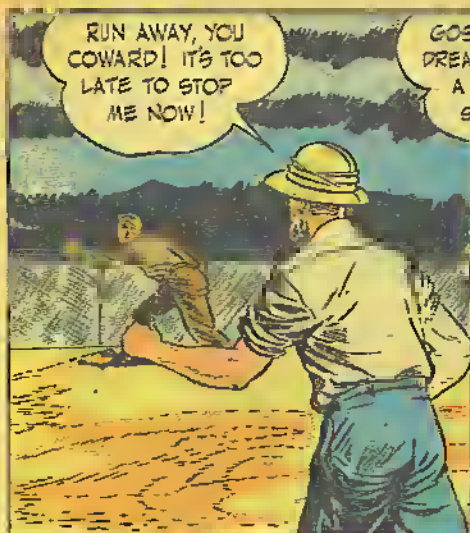


IT WILL BE A PLEASURE TO WATCH THIS FLOOD DESTROY YOUR SUPREB EQUIPMENT!

A ROCK! MAYBE I CAN KONK HIM!

DOGGONE! THAT GUY IS TOO ALERT! I BETTER MAKE A BREAK!





RUN AWAY, YOU COWARD! IT'S TOO LATE TO STOP ME NOW!



GOSH! I NEVER DREAMED HE HAD A YELLOW STREAK!

YOU AMERICANS ARE ALL THE SAME: COME ALONG AND WATCH HOW THE AXIS WORKS! I'M READY TO FLOOD YOUR GUERLIFE!



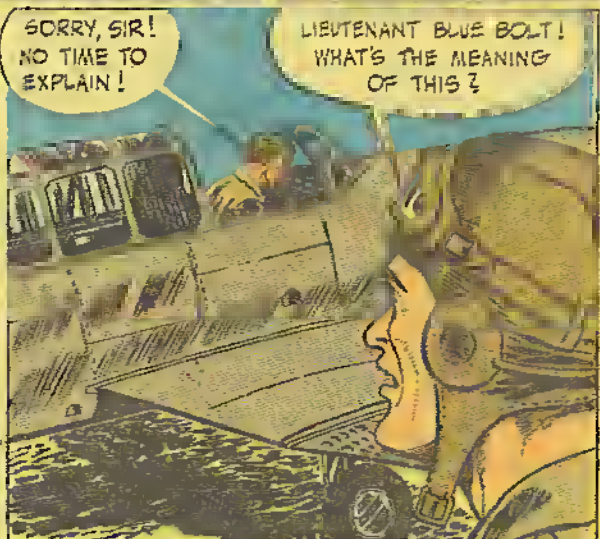
IF I CAN REACH THE AIRFIELD IN TIME, MAYBE I CAN SAVE THIS STUFF!



SHE'S ALL READY FOR THE MISSION, SIR!

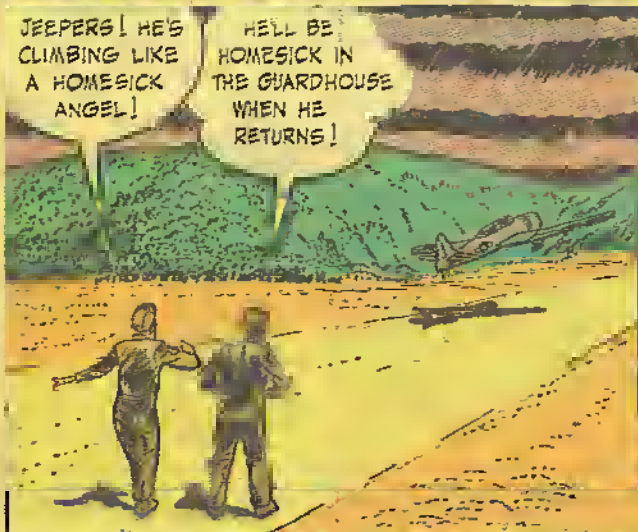
LOOK OUT, MAJOR, I HAVE TO BORROW YOUR SHIP!

HEY!



SORRY, SIR! NO TIME TO EXPLAIN!

LIEUTENANT BLUE BOLT! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?



JEEPERS! HE'S CLIMBING LIKE A HOMESICK ANGEL!

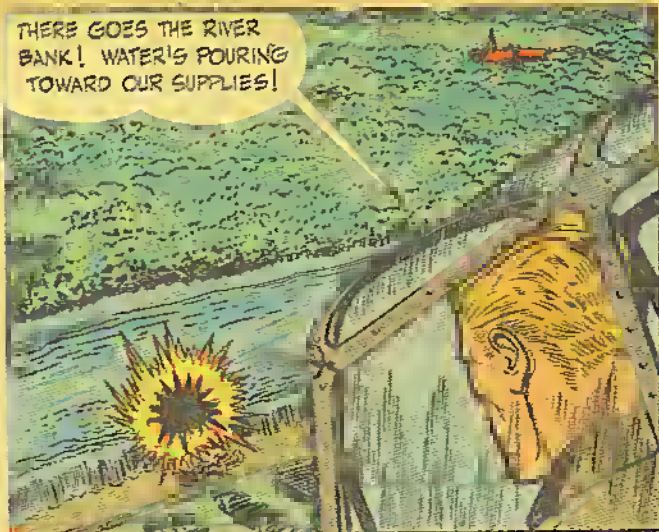
HELL BE HOMESICK IN THE GUARDHOUSE WHEN HE RETURNS!



WE'RE SAFE NOW! I'LL GET OFF THE EXPLOSIVES!

I DON'T KNOW WHICH IS WORSE-- SEEING OUR SUPPLIES DESTROYED, OR FINDING OUT THAT BLUE BOLT CAN'T TAKE IT!

THERE GOES THE RIVER
BANK! WATER'S POURING
TOWARD OUR SUPPLIES!



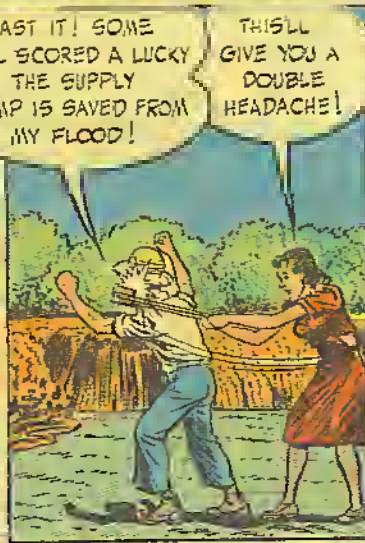
WHEW! IF I MISS MY
TARGET, I'LL HIT THE
MUNITIONS AND BLOW
UP THE WHOLE DUMP--
AND ME WITH IT!



BLUE BOLT'S ACCURATE
BOMBS TEAR GREAT
CHUNKS OF EARTH FROM
THE HILL, EFFECTIVELY
BLOCKING THE
RAMPAGING RIVER!

BLAST IT! SOME
FOOL SCORED A LUCKY
HIT! THE SUPPLY
DUMP IS SAVED FROM
MY FLOOD!

THIS'LL
GIVE YOU A
DOUBLE
HEADACHE!



WHAT'S THE
MEANING
OF THIS?

HEY, A FLASH
JUST CAME IN:
--THE REAL
PROFESSOR
SMITH HAS JUST
BEEN FOUND!

IF YOU COME
WITH ME, SIR,
I'LL EXPLAIN!



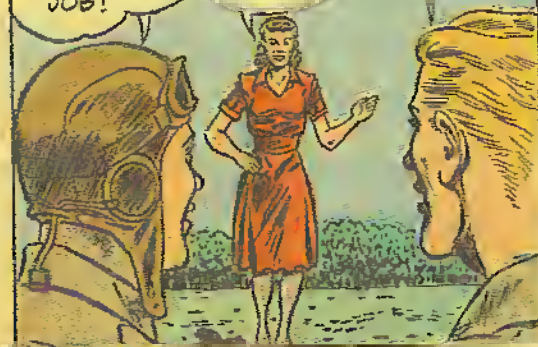
WHEN BLUE BOLT LANDS

SOON--

THERE SHE
IS, LIEUTENANT!
AND DON'T WORRY!
YOU DID A FINE
JOB!

HI, BLUE BOLT!
FORGIVE ME
FOR THINK-
ING YOU
WERE A
COWARD!

FORGIVE ME
FOR THINKING
WOMEN ARE
HELPLESS!



LATER

THAT SABOTEUR
IS IN JAIL-- BUT I
DIDN'T EVEN GET A
DECENT PICTURE!

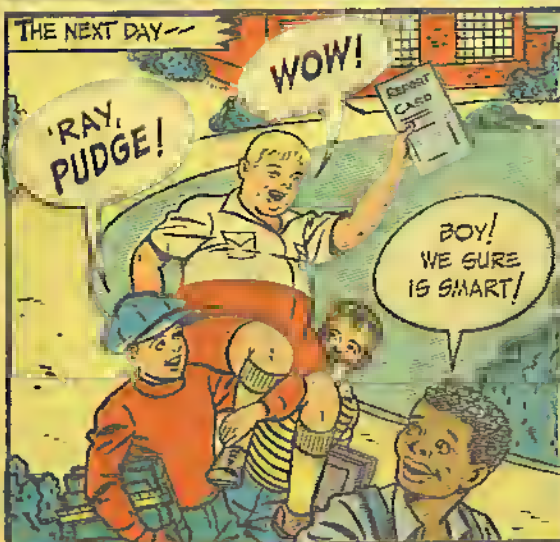
AND I
MISSED
ALL THE
FUN!

I'M SATISFIED--
THE MAJOR PROMISED
ME PLENTY OF AIR
ACTION FROM
NOW ON!

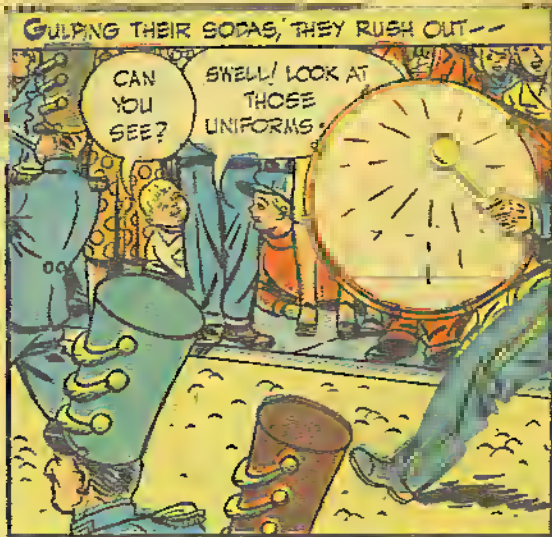
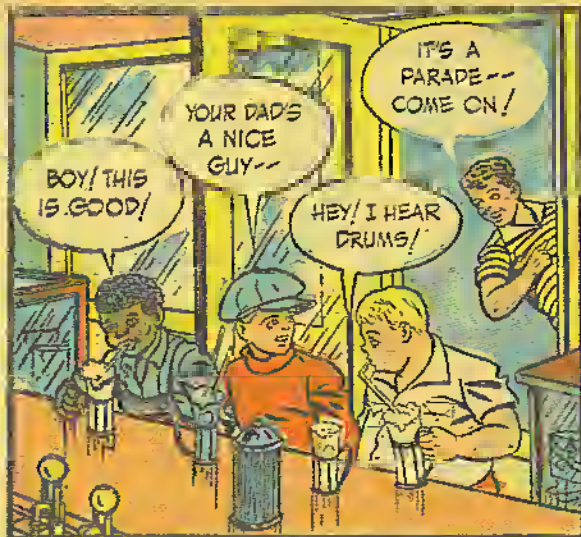


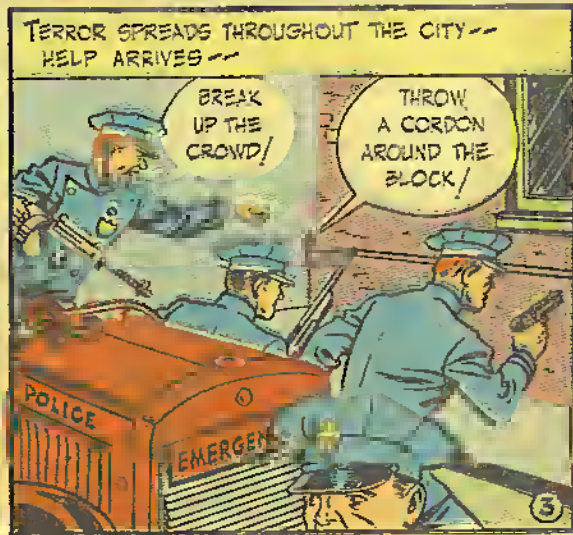
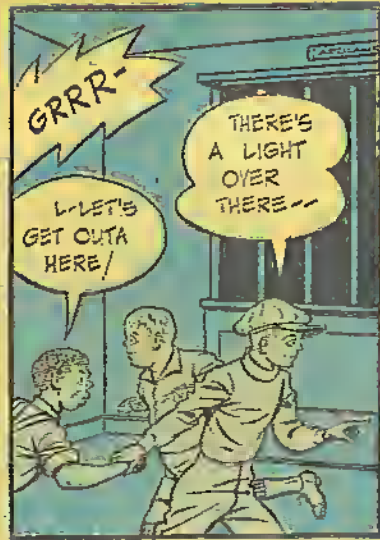
COLLECT YOUR PAPER, FAT AND TIN
AND DO YOUR JOB SO WE WILL WIN.

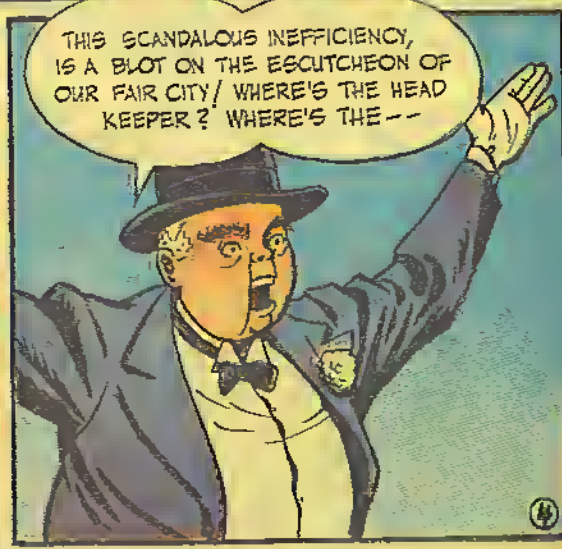
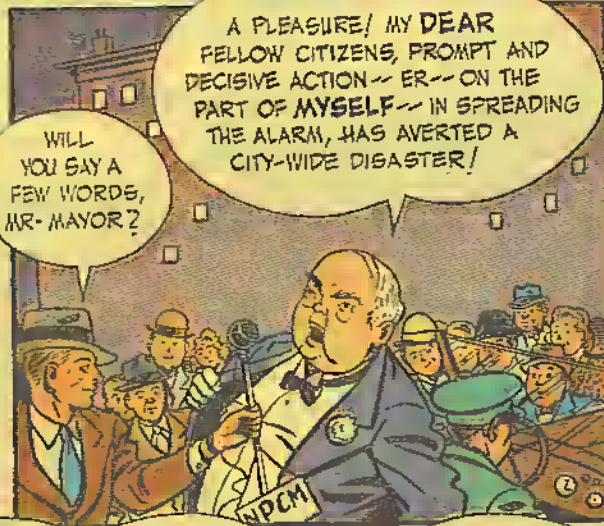
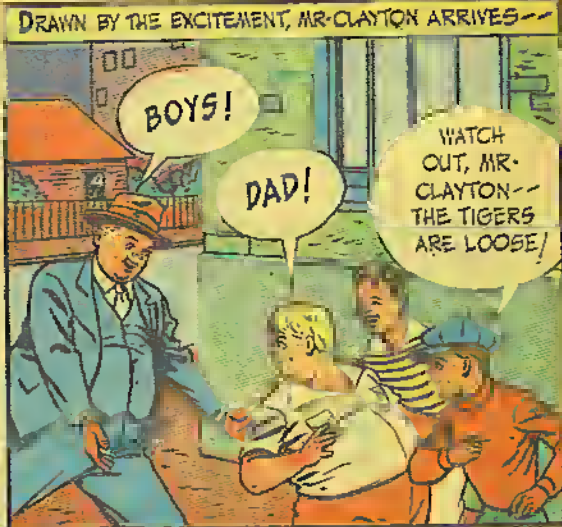
FEARLESS FELLERS

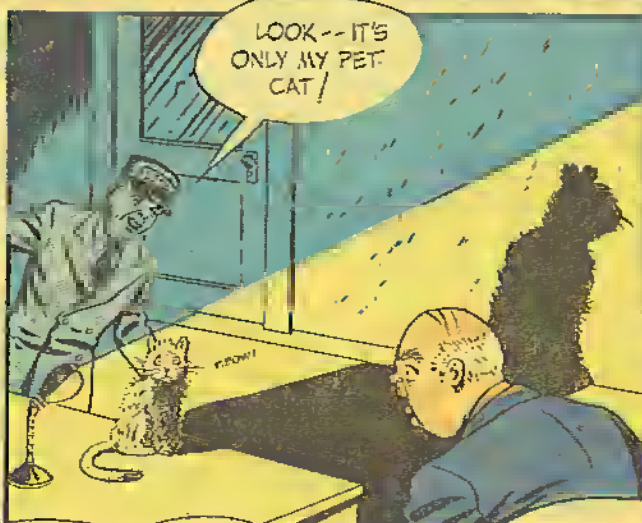
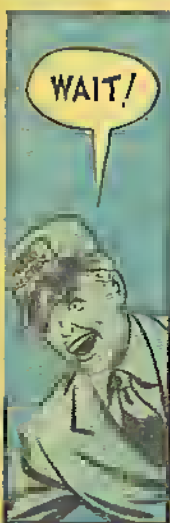


YOUR JOB IS SCHOOL, SO GET RIGHT TO IT
AND DO YOUR BEST. YOU'LL NEVER RUE IT.









Sergeant Spook



THE BOYS WILL CHEER WHEN THE WAR IS WON
IF YOU CAN SAY, "MY JOB'S WELL DONE!"

HORACE, PUT MY COAT ON THE EMPTY SEAT NEXT TO YOU.

SOMEONE'S SITTING THERE MISTER.

YOU KIDDING?

MY COAT - IT'S SUSPENDED IN THIN AIR!

ALICE, WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!

SOON THE CURTAIN RISES ON THE CRIMSON ROOM!

WE SHOULDN'T HAVE COME... SOMETHING'S WRONG SOMEONE'S IN HERE.

YOUR IMAGINATION...

THE GHOST OF YOUR FIRST WIFE!

I'LL ALWAYS COME BETWEEN YOU, YOU'LL NEVER FIND HAPPINESS.

SHE LOOKS AS IF SHE MIGHT BE A FRIEND OF YOURS, SPOOK.

THAT GHOST WAS NEVER IN GHOST-TOWN!

AT THE END OF THE PLAY..

THE AUDIENCE LIKED IT. THEY'RE CALLING FOR THE STARS.

DALE!
(MAXWELL!)

AGAIN AND AGAIN THE STAR-RING PAIR TAKE CURTAIN BOWS.

THEY'RE STILL CALLING US. WE'LL GO OUT JUST ONCE MORE.

BUT BEFORE THEY CAN TAKE THEIR
BOW A SHOT RINGS OUT AND...

LAURA!

SHE'S BEEN SHOT!
SHE'S DEAD!

CALL THE
POLICE!

OH!... HOW
TERRIBLE!

COME ON, JERRY!...
LET'S GET INTO THIS!

AS THEY DASH BACKSTAGE...

LAURA! IT
CAN'T BE!

THAT
KNIFE!

THE GHOST SERGEANT ACTS
WITH LIGHTNING SPEED!

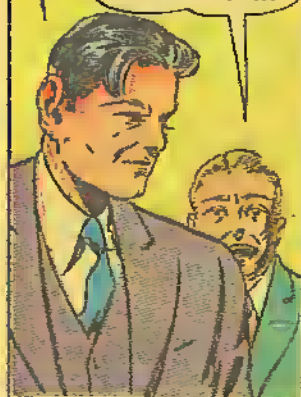
THAT KNIFE
NEARLY GOT YOU.

THANKS, KID, FOR
SAVING MY LIFE.
YOU ARE STRONGER
THAN YOU LOOK.

I'M LAURA DALE'S STEP-BROTHER,
DICK, AND STAGEMANAGER HERE.
I WAS IN MY OFFICE WHEN
HELEN JORDAN TOLD ME
LAURA HAD BEEN SHOT.

WHY WOULD ANYONE
KILL HER?...OR WANT
TO KILL ME?

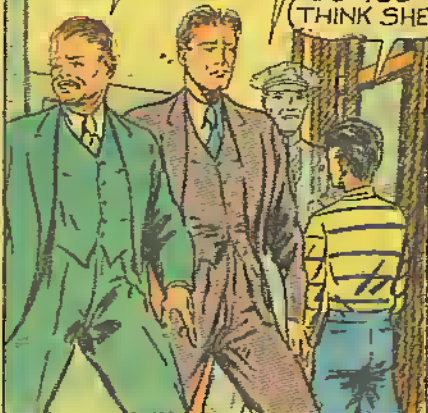
DICK THE POLICE
ARE HERE....



THE SERGEANT
WANTS TO SEE
EVERYONE ON STAGE.

HELEN JORDAN
SHE PLAYED
THE GHOST..

DO YOU
THINK SHE?



DON'T KNOW...LET'S
SEE WHAT THE SER-
GEANT'S UP TO.

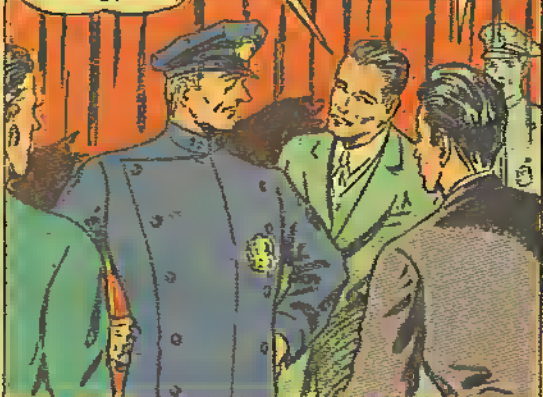


MISS DALE WAS SHOT THROUGH
THE RIGHT SIDE. THE SHOT CAME
FROM THE LEFT WING.



I SAW SOMEONE RUN
FROM THE WINGS THE
MOMENT AFTER THE
SHOT WAS FIRED IT
LOOKED LIKE
DICK DALE.

COULDN'T BE,
PARKER! WASN'T
IN THE LEFT
WINGS AT ALL
TONIGHT.



I WAS IN MY
OFFICE. ASK
HELEN JORDAN.
SHE SAW ME
THERE.

I DON'T
REMEMBER...
EVERYTHING
HAPPENED
SO FAST.



MEANWHILE, IN THE LEFT
WINGS...

NO TRACE OF
THE MURDER
GUN.

HERE'S
SOMETHING
PART OF A
CUFF-LINK.



SPOOK SWIFTLY PICKS
IT UP.

WHERE?

FUNNY...
I WAS SURE
I SAW IT.



D.D...THAT'S DICK DALE.

THEN HE WAS THERE...

NO... THE ATTEMPT ON HIS LIFE FAILED... THIS LOOKS LIKE A FRAMEUP...

WHAT SPOOK DOES!...

MAYBE IT ROLLED SOMEWHERE.



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH IT?



THERE IT IS!... I'M GOING TO SHOW IT RIGHT TO THE SERGEANT!

THE SERGEANT QUICKLY INSPECTS DICK'S CUFFS AND FINDS...

THIS IS YOURS, ALL RIGHT... IT BROKE OFF WHILE YOU WERE COMMITTING THE MURDER... TAKE HIM DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS, MEN!



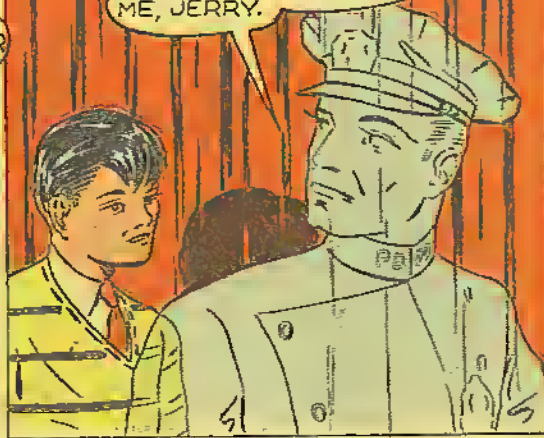
THE SERGEANT DISMISSES THE OTHERS.

WHY DID YOU PUT BACK THE CUFF-LINK, SPOOK?

DICK IS SAFER LOCKED UP—UNTIL THE REAL MURDERER IS CAUGHT....



SOMETHING I HAVE TO INVESTIGATE. WAIT AT THE STAGE DOOR FOR ME, JERRY.



AS JERRY WAITS, A SHADY, SINISTER TRIO EYES HIM.

THAT'S THE KID WHO SAVED DICK'S LIFE... WHY IS HE HANGING AROUND?



LET ME GO!

WE'LL GET HIM INTO THE CAR.



JERRY IS WHISKED TO A LUXURIOUS APARTMENT. SO YOU'RE THE ONES WHO KILLED LAURA DALE!... YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT!

NOT MUCH!... IT'S A PERFECT MURDER... NO ONE'LL EVER SUSPECT..



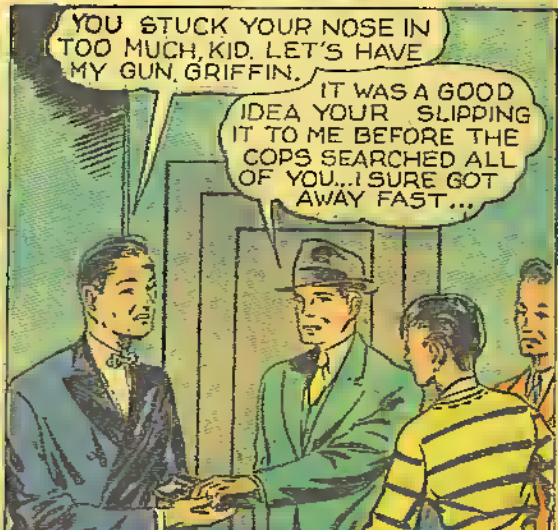
THAT I FIRED THE SHOT...

I KNEW IT WASN'T DICK DALE... BUT, HOW DID YOU...?



YOU STUCK YOUR NOSE IN TOO MUCH, KID. LET'S HAVE MY GUN, GRIFFIN.

IT WAS A GOOD IDEA YOUR SLIPPING IT TO ME BEFORE THE COPS SEARCHED ALL OF YOU... I SURE GOT AWAY FAST...



THIS GUN HAS A SILENCER. I KILLED LAURA DALE WITH IT IN THE WINGS AND HELD HER UP AS WE STEPPED OUT FOR THE LAST BOW.



GIVE IT TO HIM, BOSS.

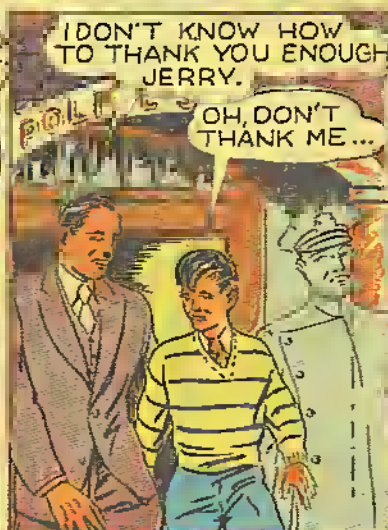
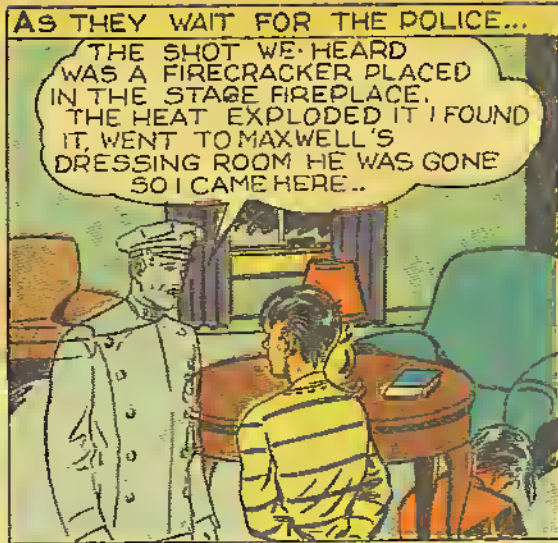
THAT GUN'S NOT GOING OFF AGAIN.



SPOOK!

SPOOK? LET...LET'S GET OUT OF HERE





KRISKO AND JASPER

by-
MILY HAMMER.

BLUE
BOLT

THOSE BLANKETY-
BLANK MONKEYS-
IT'S ALL
YOUR FAULT !!

I TOLD YUH
WE SHOULDN'T
HAVE KEPT
THOSE TWO
!!

BUT, JASPER-
THEY'RE SO
DARN
CUTE
!!

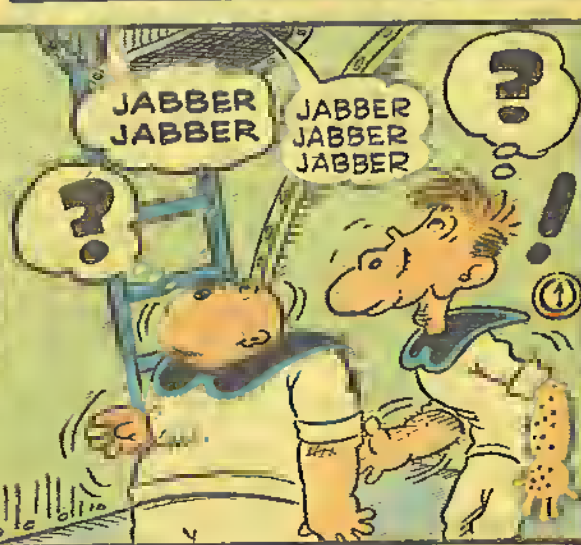
CUTE YUH
CALL 'EM-WHEN
THEY WON'T
EVEN LET WE'UNS
DRIVE OUR OWN
BATTLE-WAGON!

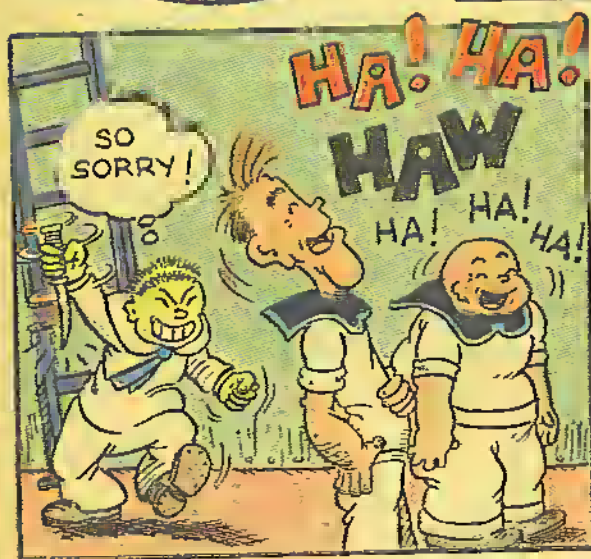
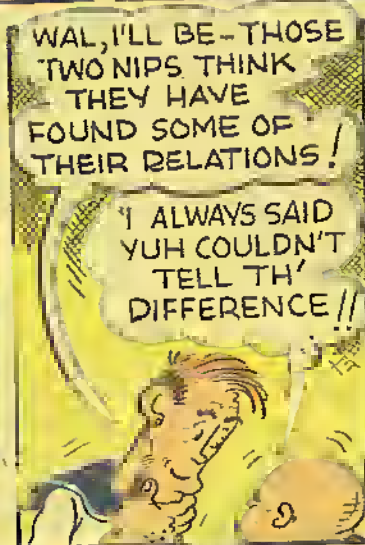
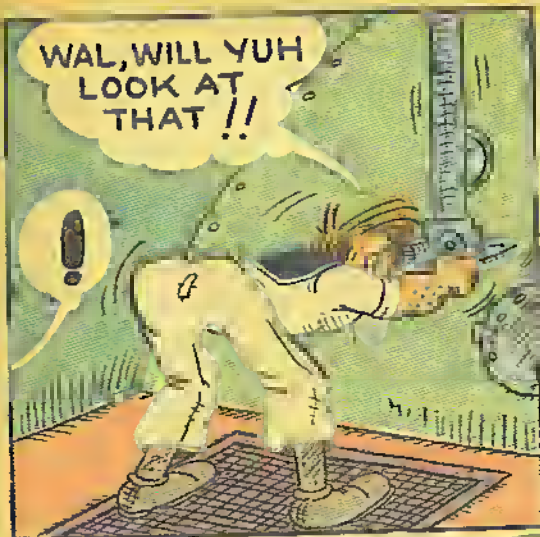
THEY'LL GIT
TIRED SOON-
'N THEN
WE'LL BE
ABLE TO
TAKE OVER!

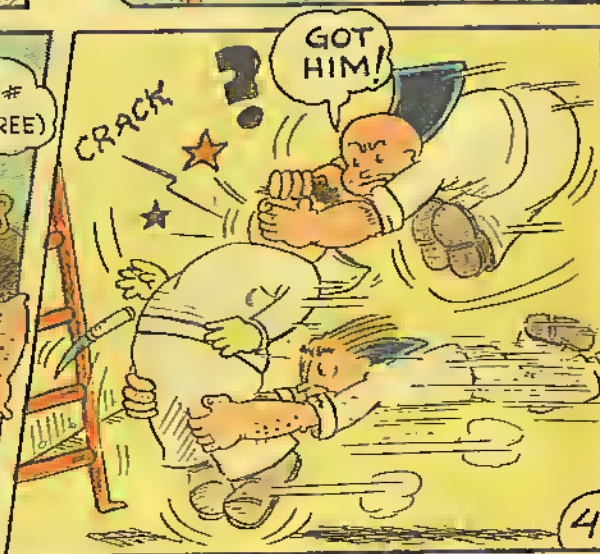
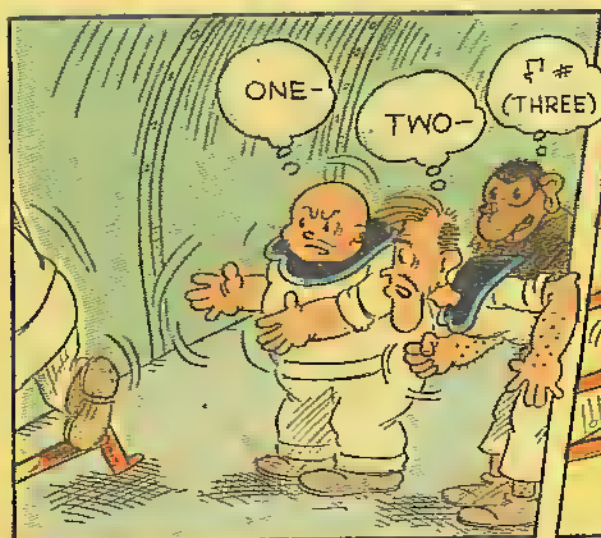
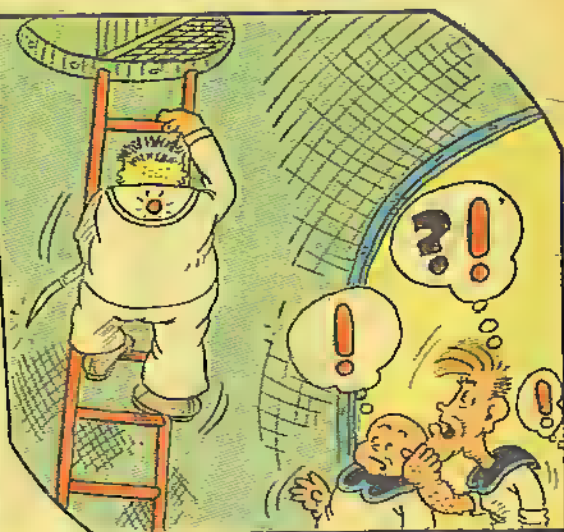
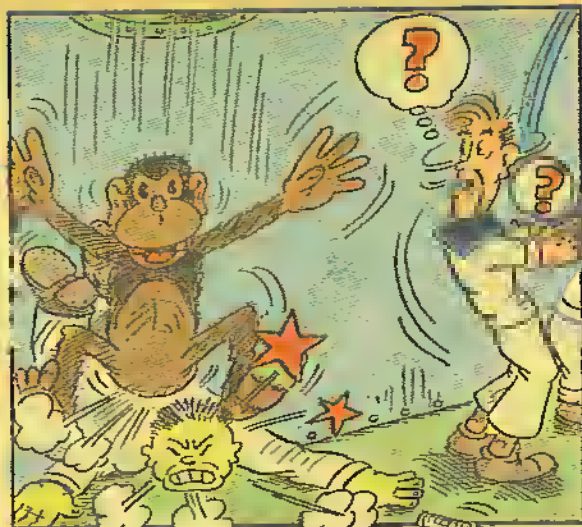
'N ANOTHER
THING- THEY
ATE UP ALL OF
OUR GRUB
WHILE WE'UNS
WERE GETTIN'
SHUT-EYE !!

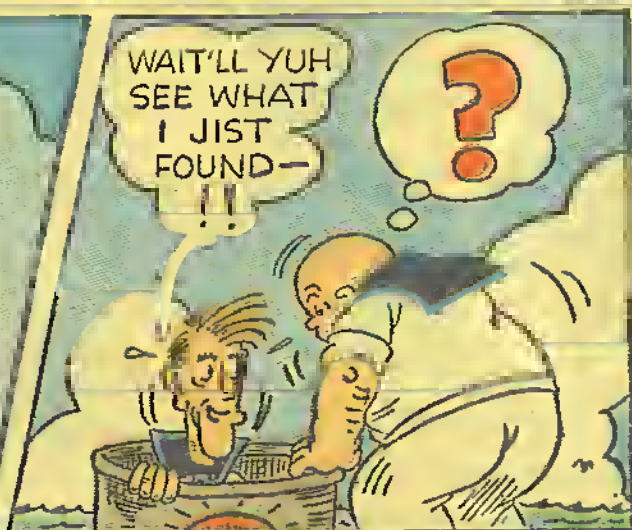
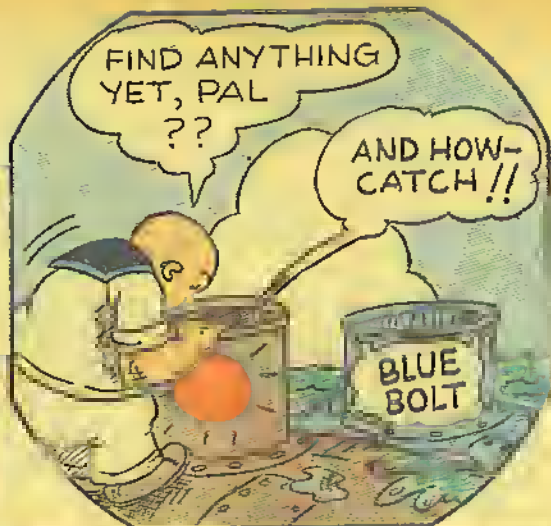
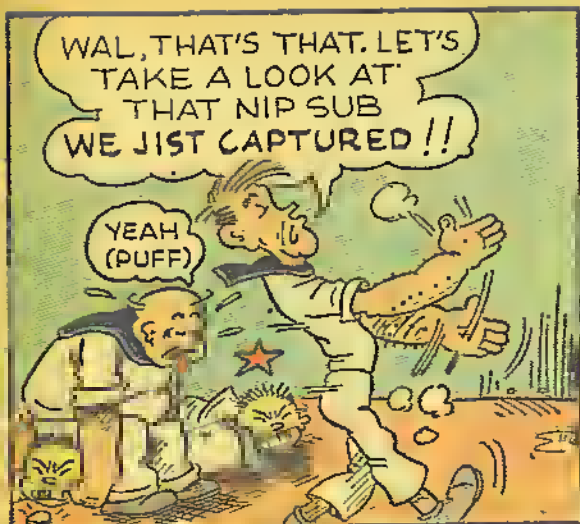
OH, MY GOODNESS- NOT THAT-
TELL ME YOU'RE
TELLIN' ME A
FIB. WE GOTTA
GIT RID OF
'EM PRONTO
!!

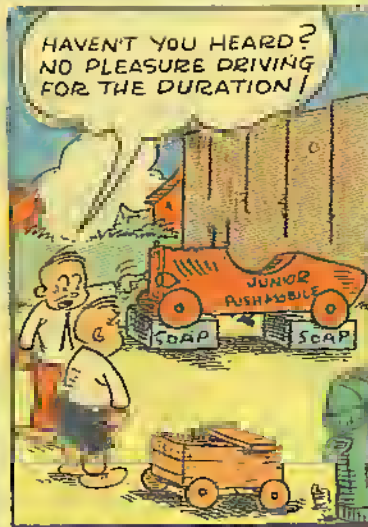
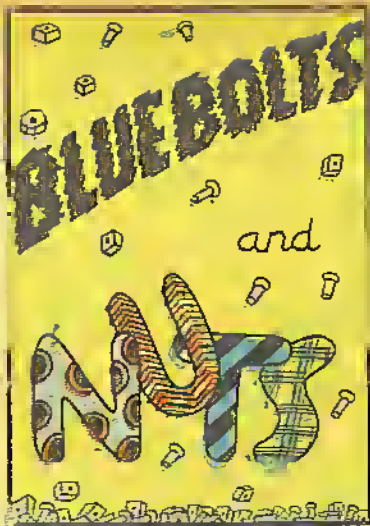
IF YOU STUDY HARD, BEFORE YOU KNOW IT
BETTER MARKS ARE BOUND TO SHOW IT.











READING & WRITING & RITHMETIC
HELP WITH THE WAR EXTRA QUICK.